

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOLUME XIV.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 18 3.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENT

PEYTON H. SNOOK.

On Monday morning to meet the demands of this great present giving season, I will expose at

Gently reduced prices

My entire line of elegant bico-a-brac and decorated furniture, of which I have some rare gems, only opened within the last few hours, and never shown before in the south.

Mantle and pier glasses, art tables in all shapes, fancy plagues and easels, silk plush goods in every conceivable color and shade, easy chair, fancy screens, the largest and most elegant line fine embossed leather goods. I will also sell on Monday morning my one hundred dollar silk plush parlor suits

For \$75.00.

Also, sixty sideboards and wardrobes, and one hundred Chamber Suites, with three hundred Marble-Top Tables, specially adapted for

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Remember my entire stock—the largest and handsomest in the South—is offered at reduced price.

Parlor Suites

Chamber Suites, Wardrobes, Hat-Racks, Book-Cases, Library Tables, Fancy Desks, Cylinder Desks, Office Desks, Leather Chairs, Rattan Chairs, Plush Rockers, Cabinets, Easels, Art Tables, Music Stands, Pedestals, Lounges, in fact, the handsomest and only complete stock of Fancy Furniture in the South.

Come Out Monday—

And buy something that will beautify your home. Open Christmas evening until 10 o'clock.

P. H. SNOOK.

--OUR - PATRONS- KNOW

But we desire all to understand that we WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY CLOTHING HOUSE.

OUR RULE: ONE PRICE, AND THAT THE VERY LOWEST

SATISFACTION-- GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

When in the store ask the salesman to show you our suits. We are proud of our stock this season. Ask him to show you the lots we have reduced in price.

\$25 SUITS REDUCED TO \$20; \$20 TO \$15; \$12 TO \$8

OVERCOATS FOR MEN AND BOYS

OVERCOATS - REDUCED. \$30 TO \$25, \$25 TO \$20, \$20 TO \$15.

Clothing sent out of the city on approval, and return express paid if not suited.

JAMES A. ANDERSON & CO.
41 WHITEHALL ST.

Established 1860 and 1882.
A. ERGENZINGER,
UPHOLSTERY
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
BEDDING AND MATTRESSES,
CINTS AND AWNINGS,
My Goods Cost no More Than
the Cheapest Importation.
12 EAST HUNTER STREET.

ACCEPT OUR THANKS!

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE.



SANTA CLAUS SUGGESTS

A Decker Bros.' Baby Grand.
A Decker Bros.' Grand Upright.
A Decker Bros.' Grand Square.
A Gate City Ebonized Upright.
A Gate City Rosewood Upright.
A Gate City Rosewood Square.
A Richly Embroidered Piano Cover.
A Beautiful Piano Scarf.

A Stradivarius Violin.
A Salzard Violin,
A Caspar de Salo Violin.

A Boy's Violin.
A Girl's Violin.

A Fine Guitar.
A Lady's Banjo.

A Bell Banjo.
A Trumpet Accordion.

A Magnificent Music Box.
A Flute Harmonica.

CORNETS.

PIOCOLOS.

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DRUMS.

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MUSIC FOLIOS.

MUSIC CASES.

TAMBORINES.



Santa Claus and Royal Consort,
THE SNOW QUEEN,
OFFER ALL THESE AT THE WAREROOMS OF
THE ESTEY ORGAN CO.,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.



HOLIDAY GOODS

—AT—

A. O. M. GAY'S.

MEN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

BUSINESS SUITS,

DRESS SUITS, OVERCOATS, FUR HATS, SILK HATS, KID GLOVES, GLOVES OF ALL KINDS, PLAIN AND FANCY HALF HOSE, SILK HAND KERCHIEFS, FANCY BORDERED LINEN HAND-KERCHIEFS, SILK SCARFS, SILK TIES.

SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC.

Among these will be found presents, both useful and ornamental. Just received an immense stock of beautiful

SCARFS AND TIES.

A. O. M. GAY
37 Peachtree Street.

IF YOU WANT

—A NICE—

CHRISTMAS PRESENT
FOR YOUR WIFE, MOTHER,
HUSBAND or SWEETHEART

COME TO
MARK BERRY'S
And Get a Handsome Pair of

SLIPPERS
SHOES

—OR—
BOOTS!

NOTHING MORE APPROPRIATE,
NOTHING MORE USEFUL,
THE FINEST STOCK

—AND BEST—
PRICES

All the Latest Novelties in Fine Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen.

MARK BERRY,

NO. 12 MARIETTA ST.



WE HAVE STILL A VERY LARGE STOCK

—OF—
CLOTHING

In all sizes and styles, and in order to reduce stock, have

MARKED DOWN PRICES
To suit the times. All the latest fashions of OVERCOAT SUIT FOR MEN OR BOYS will do well to examine our stock and prices. A full line of

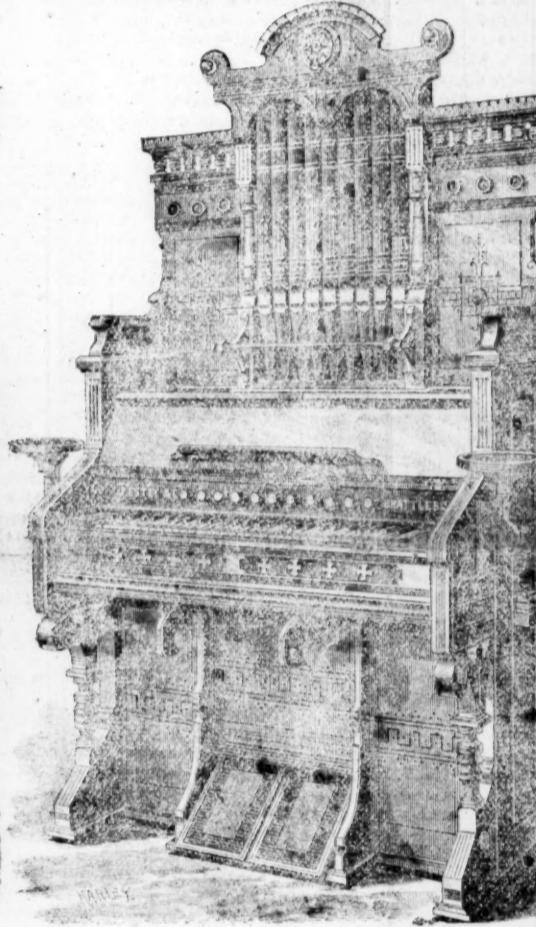
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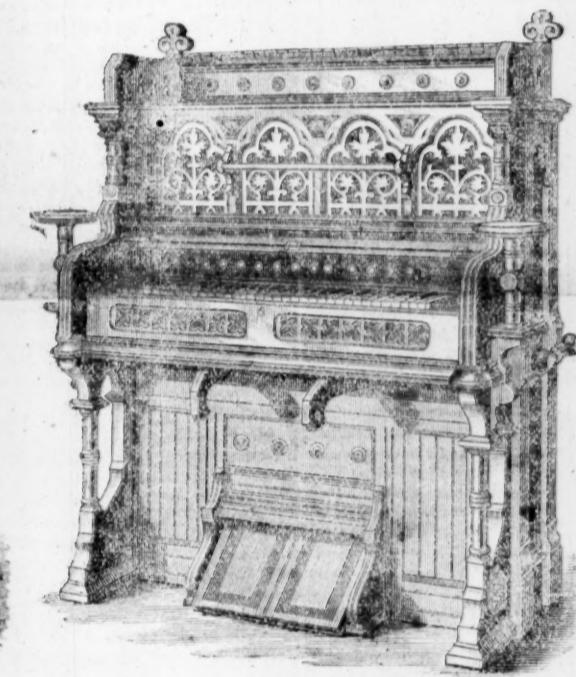
24 Whitehall, corner Alabama.

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STYLE 281, PRICE \$100. PIPE-TOP 521, PRICE \$125. STYLE 610, PRICE \$150
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST & THIS THE ESTEY UNDOUBTEDLY IS

SOLD LOW FOR CASH OR ON EASY MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS.

THE GATE CITY PIANO
MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE
ESTEY ORGAN CO.

By one of the Largest and Best Piano Manufacturing Firms in New York.

WARRANTED IN THE FULLEST MANNER BY THE ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY, SO THAT THE PURCHASER RUNS NO RISK!

A FIRST-CLASS PIANO at \$100 LESS THAN IT CAN BE BOUGHT for ELSEWHERE. Having a large sale in Boston and New England. Immensely popular throughout the South. Greatest popularity ever attained by any Piano in the same length of time. "The proof the pudding is the eating thereof."

As a guarantee of the Estey Organ Company's control and responsibility for their new and improved Gate City Pianos, the words: "Manufactured for the Estey Organ Co." are solidly cast in the plate.

To prevent the checking of varnish from the dampness of the Southern climate—one of the most trying in the world—our new Gate City Upright, Style B, is ebonyed. This case is made expressly for us on the now fashionable "Old English" model.

The reason why the Gate City Piano can be sold so much lower than any other piano of equal excellence is that we buy for cash at absolutely first cost, paying nothing for reputation and charging buyers nothing for reputation. Our guarantee shields the purchaser from all risks.

MANY HUNDREDS OF SOUTHERN MUSIC TEACHERS, FAMILIES, ETC.

Scattered all the way from Virginia to Mexico, are in position to testify to the merits of

THE GATE CITY PIANO

and especially to its adaptation to the Southern Climate, the most severe in the world. Don't throw away your money on shoddy instruments simply because they are cheap, but buy of a thoroughly responsible concern, whose guarantee saves you all risk.

ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY
Cor. Broad & Alabama Sts., Atlanta, Ga.

THE PROFESSOR ABROAD.

HIS VIEWS AND IMPRESSIONS OF FOREIGN LANDS.

The Products of the American Exposition—The Products of Dutch Ingenuity Put Under Review of the People Who Came to See—Recollections of Their Kingdom.

Written for The Constitution.

The fair for an international exposition at Amsterdam, originated in 1880, and it seems to be due to a Frenchman, M. Agostini. The leading idea at the time was to make an exhibit of Holland's colonial production, as it was deemed that the commercial interests of the mother country would be thereby greatly advanced. The idea of an international exposition appears to have been of later growth. Besides the Netherlands, Belgium, and the Dutch colonies, all the great countries of Europe, India, Australia, Persia, Brazil, and Uruguay, as well as Mexico and the United States were represented. An American, however, would feel that his native land was very poorly presented in the Dutch exposition. Even little Uruguay and Peru made a better show. In fact, the chief part of the American exhibit was in the Mormon department, where a fine collection of Utah minerals, etc., were shown. It was rather humiliating to our American pride to see our national reputation committed to this polygamous brood; but these followers of Joe Smith are wiser in their generation than the children of light. They know full well that a glowing picture of Utah's wealth is one of the best forms of missionary work with which to move the hearts of the lower classes in middle and northern Europe, and they do not fail to present the western Eldorado in its most dazzling colors. I doubt not that the Scandinavians are lured to Utah fully as much by material as by religious considerations. The Turkish and Persian bazaars formed a very attractive part of the exposition, and a very good picture of oriental life was afforded here. But by far the most interesting part of the exhibit was that from the Dutch colonies, for which indeed the whole affair was chiefly intended. Of this department one section was filled with pictures of Australian and South American scenery, modes of life and dress of the natives. In another section were geological and mineralogical specimens from the colonies; in another section were the plants, flowers, leaves and trees of the South Sea islands, the finest collection of Australian flora which this writer ever saw. The collection of stuffed animals, including birds and reptiles, was only second to that of the flowers and plants. The reed houses with their dwellers engaged in the occupations and pleasures of their sunny, islands, such as mat weaving, swinging in rude hammocks, etc., while the large leaved tropical plants were growing in thick clusters around their fragile domiciles. Little red boats were gliding over the canals, apparently as much at home as if they had been among the coral islands of the South Pacific. One or two Chinese junks were moving lumberly about bearing the caskets hither and thither. The making of models of these little Australian thatched reed houses forms quite a branch of business among the East Indians, and many purchasers may be found among Europeans. Here, too, were to be seen various machines, rude, it is true, but fairly representative of eastern customs, and employments.

Strolling in the English colonial department of New South Wales, the writer came upon a group of South Sea Islanders dressed in their light-colored cotton garb, with gay, flaunting headkerchiefs, or turbans of the same material. Two or three Englishmen behind the counters asked them what they would take, to which they promptly replied—Brandy. Several glasses were served out to them which they drank off with much apparent gusto. Poor creatures!—their first contact with white men introduced the fatal poison, which has proven even more destructive to them than to the pale faces themselves. One could almost wish that the poor aborigines might have remained forever in their undiscovered island homes in the far-away sunlit seas, with never the sight of a western sail to tell of a world beyond the bounding main. Had the dip of the European ear never broken the low soft music of waves upon their shores, the poor islanders might have lived and died free from at least one of the most degrading vices which curse so-called Christian lands.

The Amsterdam exposition seemed to the writer richer in its practical bearings or results than any other he had ever attended. In fact, the industrious Dutch have little to do with mere fanfare; they are too practical for that. Thus, in one of the sections we might find much detail as to means of existence, varieties of fish and of game, and the various forms of apparatus for taking each; the breeding of cattle, with statistics of breeds; the breeding of silkworms and other insects, with descriptions of their modes of life and of working; the mines, with their location, quality of veins, and the modes of working them, etc.; agriculture, with farming tools, models of barns, yards, sheds, etc. In commerce we have representatives of roads with their gradients, directors, etc., ocean and river routes, capacity and depth of harbors, modes of land transportation, packing of goods; music and musical instruments, with representation showing the modes of using the latter; models of heathen temples in Java and postures of worship; colonial school houses and methods of teaching; the army and the navy; arrangements for the public peace, scientific research, forest culture. In short, it seemed almost impossible that a better bird's-eye-view of the whole field of Dutch colonial progress could be obtained. One could get a very fair knowledge here of the East Indies without the labor and expense of a visit to those distant regions.

Shortly after entering the exposition grounds one of our young men found a news stand an "official guide," which had been prepared for the English-speaking visitors, of whom a considerable number were in Amsterdam. That night at our rooms, and for days afterward, this "guide" afforded us entertainment whenever we recalled specimens of its extraordinary English. It had evidently been prepared by a Dutchman who had had a sort of reading acquaintance with English, and who, knowing little of the idioms and synonyms of the language, had followed the Dutch to the structure of his sentences, and had guessed at the distinctions among synonyms from its appearance.

The conglomerate nature of English makes it peculiarly difficult of acquisition by the grammar and dictionary with no other help, and foreign English gives one some peculiar ideas as to his mother tongue. H. A. SCOTT.

Emory College, December 10, 1883.

THE DIXIES AND BIRDS OF MISSOURI.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Miss Dixie Thaw gave a lunch on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock to a party of young ladies, the refreshments served by Baileys.

Miss Birdie Dillon entertained a number of her friends on the evening of the 4th inst. at the residence of her mother, Mrs. D. A. J. Mullen, 1401 Glasgow Avenue.

Miss Dixie Howard has returned to her home in St. Joseph after a pleasant visit.

Miss Birdie Blair has returned to her home in Leavenworth after a visit to the Misses Franklin.

Miss Bellar, of St. Joseph, has united in marriage with Wm. Michael, a son of Mrs. Michael, Mrs. Joseph Silver, at St. Joseph, and friends at Richmond.

Miss Dixie Watts has returned to her home at Lexington.

Strange Coincidences.

From Texas Siftings.

"How stupid I am!" said Birdie McHenry, languidly executing at the same time a respectable wavy set.

"That's true," remarked Gus DeSmith, rather impudently.

"Sir!" exclaimed Birdie, "you are impudent."

"But you yourself just now asserted that you were stupid."

"I did say so without thinking," said Birdie, pettishly.

"Yes, and up to the time you spoke I had only thought so without saying it."

to the mind of our readers the much containing period of execution."

The "guide" is paralyzed with astonishment. "Is it a temple? Is it a monument?" Is it a triumphal arch? Never mind, it is fantastically beautiful. It is original as the Faerie palace out of a dream; heaps of marble blocks, the silhouette of a woman's figure, gigantic god-images at the top. The elephants carrying the warrior-house and who support the frontispiece, curl their white trunks in classical latin they wear as inscription the names of those who have made this great work of peace. Stupendous is this magical construction, whereby one can help imagining that behind it dwells a half of the east, and the hours and sultanes, lazily stretch out upon the carpets in the harem, keep the company of the shibuk smoking prince. But later on we'll see that it is otherwise. We will now enter as yet. We pass a high Japan pagode inscribed with small letters, which perhaps could tell us what has happened in the east, to the shore of Atap, where the monotonous Klingland, the mysterious music of the gamelan is heard, and where one can hear the wonderful, complaining sounds, forming the sounds of nature in the Indian forest. Dancing girls dressed in dark brown strong, swinging the thin slender, glide up and down at the measure of the strange music, and when on an evening the gamelan gets played, one could get an idea of a Java night, and think oneself under the beautiful blue, green leaves, under the palm trees and warlings, or under a tape of slender coconut trees."

Close by is the in Moorish style erected building of the Indian department: squatting Java boys, with neatly tied headkerchiefs, whereupon balances a pepper and salt-colored straw hat, were, until a few days ago, busy with the knife in forming the bamboo sticks, of which, just outside of the building they make a bamboo cabif like unto those to be seen in the extended savans, where the light green rice comes out above the water."

Farther on, the "guide" tells us, is "the round building where the different negro races are to be seen in optima forma;" then come the recreation grounds, where properly spoken, will be the "exhibition-fun." After this the "guide" proceeds with the particular national parts of the exposition "to occupy us more detailed with every country, from the negro circus follows first, etc., and takes up those things which the most interesting are of catching the eye." Among other items of information the "guide" tells us here that the Sumatra expedition has made acquaintance with many beautiful proofs of carved work." Also that we all enjoyed seeing the funny little monkeys and the beautiful bright plumaged birds more than anything else. We saw the monkey that killed the horse; the horse killed the donkey too, you know. It must have been a well directed kick that enabled the donkey to get even with so powerful an animal.

We went through the heights, through the cemetery and Eden park and out to the zoological gardens of course. The animals out there are exceptionally fine—the lions, tigers, giraffes, bears and snakes are all noble specimens of their kind—but I believe that we all enjoyed seeing the funny little monkeys and the beautiful bright plumaged birds more than anything else. We saw the monkey that killed the horse; the horse killed the donkey too, you know. It must have been a well directed kick that enabled the donkey to get even with so powerful an animal.

We also went through Cumminsville, where the sheep and hogs reside. I use the last word advisedly, for when a creature inhabits a seven storied structure labeled "Hotel du Sleep." I guess he may be supposed to reside, rather than live. I imagine these are the grand-children of those impulsive animals, who used to live in the country, and "when hogs and sheep were going to the pasture, the sheep would say, hogs, walk a little faster." The "Incline" is one of the lions of Cincinnati, so we bravely held our breath and went down. I'd like to know why they don't call it the "Perpendicular?" Any one wishing to try it should never watch another car go up or down before hand, "lest his courage out of his fingers ends."

Spring Hill cemetery is a lovely place, with its smooth drives, its well kept greenery, and its beautiful tributes of love to those who are gone before. One mother has shown her affection by devoting her son's fortune to the erection of a mausoleum of marble over her grave. Within a marble couch is a full-length bust of the young man. Having been a lover of the fine arts, he is represented with his elbow resting on a pile of books and a roll of music in the other hand.

There is a handsome chapel here for the last services over the dead. This is wise, for services at the grave in extremely hot, cold, or wet weather are often productive of dire results to the living.

The Cincinnati exposition building is a magnificent affair; and the music hall is certainly grand in its proportions, but hardly large enough to warrant a large party of coffee curiosities, etc."

On the Chinese department the "most" possible care is bestowed. Money nor pains are spared by the committee, and a visit to this section is very easy.

"Group twenty-nine also may be considered perfectly succeeded, the pottery, porcelain and crystal works, and cloth is no less good represented."

Mr. Chassang has helped on the exhibition by his digestion promoting preparation-called Chassing wine with pepino and diastase, and has with his pepino worked some interesting cases of digestion." Another feature of the exposition, as the "guide" informs us, is the Bog-neigoes, "unversed in national costume."

Among the curiosities is the Transvaal republic, and "minerals, amongst which a party of gold of the Transvaal gold fields, woolen, ostrich feathers,

a large party of coffee curiosities, etc."

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BOOK NOTICES.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR OF WILLIAM COBBETT, Carefully revised and annotated by Alfred Ayres, D. Appleton & Co., 1, 3 and 5 Bond street.

William Cobbett was a remarkable man, viewed from every standpoint, and his grammar has always been regarded as a remarkable book. After remaining out of print, in this country, for nearly half a century, Appleton & Co., have reprinted this work in a handsomely bound volume, with such revisions as are necessary in order to make it agree with what is now considered the best usage. Edgar A. Poe pronounced Cobbett's grammar the best ever written. Hazlitt found it "interesting as a story book." Bulwer called it "the most amusing grammar in the world," and Richard Green White says, "I know it well, and have read it with great admiration." The new edition will doubtless find favor with the general public, as well as with students and literary people.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES AND SPEECHES OF JOSEPH BROWN. By Herbert Fielder. Springfield, Mass., Printing Company.

Within the compass of eight hundred pages, Colonel Fielder presents not only an able written sketch of the life and times of Senator Brown, but also many important facts concerning the resources of Georgia, and her great men who were the master spirits of the generation preceding the period to whose history this work is mainly devoted. As an honest, impartial study of a great man, this biography is well deserving of the thoughtful reader's attention, and every intelligent Georgian should give it a place in his library.

THE WONDERS OF PLANT LIFE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE. By Sophie Bedson Herrick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 and 29 West Twenty-third Street.

This charming volume, made up of studies of plant life, possesses a permanent interest. It treats of the beginnings of life, of single celled green plants, fungi and lichens, liverworts and mosses, ferns, pitcher plants, insectivorous plants and similar subjects. Its illustrations greatly aid the reader, and whether for home reading or as a manual of introduction to botanical studies, the book is of great value.

A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"A Roundabout Journey" comes to us through the courtesy of Messrs. Phillips & Crew, who always have their counters laden with the best literature of the day. Somebody has said that Mr. Warner has a genius for traveling, but nobody can glance over this elegant volume without coming to the conclusion that he also has a genius for telling entertaining stories of travel. In the present work the writer gives a sketchy and attractive account of a ramble through Europe.

ABUO THE LIBYAN. An Idyl of the Primitive Church. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This "Idyl" as it is called, is a vivid account of the life of the great presbyter in his country home, in his ministry at Alexandria, and in the closing scenes of his eventful career. The story is fairly true to history, and its graphic sketches of individuals, Athanasius and Constantine, for instance; its revelations of political and ecclesiastical intrigues; its account of the Nicene council, and other features give the book great and varied interest.

YOUNG FOLKS HISTORY. The Queens of England. Adapting and continuing from stick-and-ball games. Fully Illustrated. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

A history of England's queens naturally deals with the social life and literature of their reigns, and this book will on that account be of interest to those who care very little about the queens themselves. This handsome volume is a valuable contribution to our literature and will be popular among old folks, as well as with the young folks.

PROSE MASTERPIECES FROM MODERN ESSAYS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In this collection of three dainty volumes, contained in an elegant gilt lettered case, the reader will find the choicest essays of Irving, Hunt, Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, Macaulay, Froude, Emerson, Thackeray, Arnold, Howells, Kingsley, Ruskin, Freeman, Gladstone, Newman, Stephen and Lowell. The essays are not detached scraps, but are given in their complete form. These three handsome volumes are masterpieces of English thought and style.

GUNN'S WAVE ON THE BRETON COAST. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The reviewers speak of Gunn as the ablest novel of the year, and the story is so delightfully original, so forcible and characterized by such tender pathos, subtle analysis of character, picturesque bits of description, and masterly handling of conflicting passions, that the surprise of the public is a natural as well as a just tribute. Miss Howard's story is one of the most successful hits of the season.

HAND AND RING. By Anna Katharine Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The mere fact that this novel is by the author of "The Leavenworth Case," will favorably introduce it to the public. "Hand and Ring" is a sensational story, dealing with crime and crooked ways, detecting all the other incidents and characters necessary for a first class novel of the Braddon school. The reader who glances at the first chapter of this book tolerably certain to read the story through to the end.

MARTIN LUTHER, THE REFORMER. By Julius Kesten. Translated from the German by Elizabeth E. W. Casper and company, London, Paris and New York.

This book is calculated, just at this time, to attract general attention. It relates concisely and graphically the story of the life of one of the greatest men in the world's history. It is just such a biography of the great reformer as will favorably strike the popular mind.

HER SECOND LOVE. By Ashford Owen. Philadelphia: L. B. Peterson & Bros., 356 Chestnut street.

This bright novel is a love story of lively interest. The heroine, while engaged, falls in love with another man, and the result is infinite trouble and excitement. The story has a complicated plot and thrilling scenes in abundance. As a fashionable society novel it is one of the most readable of its class.

JUDITH: A Chronicle of Old Virginia. By Marion Harland. Philadelphia: Our Country Publishing Co., New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The pair which wrote "Alone," and the "Hidden Path," loss nothing of its skill as the years roll by. "Judith" is a fascinating story of plantation life in Virginia, told in the interesting vein which characterizes all of Marlow Harland's works.

THE SUMMER RIVALS. By E. P. Roe, New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A love story, dealing with the war period, but containing nothing offensive to either northern or southern readers. Mr. Roe's admirers, and he has many, will doubtless enjoy his latest effort very much.

IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In this delightful love romance of the Californian woods Bret Harte is at his best. Every chapter, every incident of this exciting story is full of originality and breezy vitality.

MINOR MENTION.

"BY-WAYS IN LITERATURE" is a paper covered volume in Funk & Wagnall's series. All the publications of this firm are of permanent value, and their low price places them within the reach of all.

"ROSSMÖRE," a charming and piquant novel by the Duchesses, is a thoroughly bright and readable book, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"THE CITY OF SUCCESS" is the title of a pretty volume of poems by Henry Abbey. It is published by Appleton & Co., and will doubtless win its way among the admirers of genuine American poetry.

"TOPICS OF THE TIME," edited by T. Munson Coan, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is a neat pamphlet filled with enterprising essays. These volumes appear monthly.

"POEMS," by John D. Taylor," published by Walker, Evans and Cogswell, Charleston, S. C., is the title of a volume of pretty fair amateur verses.

THE BOUND VOLUMES of "The Century" and "St. Nicholas," just issued by the Century publishing company are perfect gems. The illustrations,

reading matter, typography and binding of these superb volumes reflect the highest credit upon American literature and art. "The Century" and "St. Nicholas" should find their way into every family.

WHEN THE RED MAN LEFT.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Settlement of Floyd County.

From the Rome Courier.

The county of Floyd is, perhaps, the most interesting locality of this section of the state. Situated on the confluence of the Oostanaula and Etowah rivers. It has attracted the attention of the people here, and the favorite resort of the red men, and when the red men of the 20th of December, 1835, was made, the influx of population was greatly increased.

The "Cherokee Country" was surveyed by the authorities of the state of Georgia in 1830 and 1831. The lots were 160 acres and 40 acres in size. That was supposed to be the gold region, was laid off in 40 acre lots, and that when it was thought there was no gold was surveyed in 160 acre lots.

The whole of the Cherokee country, was made into one county, called Cherokee county. The extent of the territory embraced was very great, beginning at the point where the 35th parallel of north latitude, comes in contact with a point on the Blue Ridge, fixed by James Blair, and Wilson Lumpkin, that now divides Towns and Rabun, thence west to Nickajack cave, the northwest corner of Georgia, thence due south, nearly in the direction of Miller's bend, on the Chattahoochee river, two miles south of West Point, Georgia, until it strikes the north of Carroll county, thence east until it reached the Chattahoochee river, thence along said river to the mouth of the Chestatee river to the head and then due north to the top of the Blue Ridge, then in an easterly direction to Hickory Gap, then with the meanders of the Blue Ridge to the begin-

ning of the town of Canton now is. A judge and solicitor general were elected. The Hon. John W. Hooper was the first judge of the superior court. He was the father of Mrs. Thomas W. Alexander and John W. Hooper, long a resident of Rome. Hon. William Ezzard was elected the first solicitor-general. He now resides in Atlanta, Ga., a pale and heavy, well-preserved man, between eighty and ninety years of age. An old man of rank, and an honest man, a good speaker, and a link between the past and the present.

W. M. Souder, who had long resided among the Indians, as a licensed trader, under the new intercourse laws of the United States resident in the nation, was elected senator, and a man by the name of William representative. Scudder was a highly intelligent and able man, and very soon made a favorable impression upon the legislature. Early in the session he introduced a bill to lay out the country into ten counties as follows: Forsyth, Cobb, Lumpkin, Union, Gilmer, Cherokee, Murray, Cass, Floyd, and Paulding. The county of Gilmer, was annexed to that now in Whitfield, Catoosa, Walker and one half of Chattooga. It would perhaps have been best if the original counties had remained as they were, with slight exceptions. Mr. Souder laid off Floyd county with the views of the existence of a city where Rome now is. John Ross, the principal chief of the Cherokee resided immediately south and opposite the junction of the rivers, and called his place "Head of Coosa." I have seen his letters to my father often. Major Ridge, who was made a major by General Jackson at the battle of the Horseshoe, on the Tallapoosa river, in Alabama, for gallant conduct, resided up the Etowah river, one mile north of the court house on that side of the river. Major Ridge's son, John was educated at Princeton, New Jersey, and his sister Sallie at Mrs. Elsworth's school. John Ridge was the great rival of John Ross, and Sallie Ridge was the first wife of George W. Paschal, deceased, who was once one of the judges of the supreme court of Texas. Little Paschal, her son, is a distinguished lawyer in Texas.

There exists no record of the first settlers of Floyd county. The site was at first located down the Coosa river ten miles from Rome, and called Livingston. In 1834, however, there was a very heated contest, and the seat of justice was moved to the south bank of the Coosa, and the name of the place named it. Among the early settlers were the two Hemphills—James and Philip W. Hemphill. One of them resided at the Mobley place, now owned by Colonel Yancey and the other in Yancey Valley, at what has been for many years known as the Montgomery farm. Walter H. Jones was the brother-in-law of Hemphill, and was an early settler, so was Edward Ware, who resided eight miles south of Rome, where Mr. Alexander White now lives. Joseph Ford, the father of I. D. Ford and Arthur Ford was an other, and resided in Van Zandt Valley, where S. S. Gibson now lives. He built the brick residence there. John Rush was another early settler, and resided on the Calhoun road seven miles northeast of Rome. Joseph Waiters was an early settler, settled eight miles northeast of Rome was at the "Hermitage." Wallace Warren was here early, and resided on the west side of the Oostanaula, a six miles from Rome. Dr. Alvin the grand father of Linton Dean, was another one of them, he resided about nine miles down the Coosa at the residence of John W. Turner, who married his daughter. Thomas S. Price was another striking settler, for sixteen years a member of Congress, and died at the age of 70 and deposited his remains with Thomas G. Watson in Rome. The Lord's weeping heard of at an early date, and so was Thomas and Elijah Lumpkins John H. Lumpkins was here in 1834. Joseph Waiters was many times a senator from Floyd. John H. Lumpkins was for three terms member of congress, and for one, judge of the supreme court. Among the men of mark who were here at an early day may be mentioned, Daniel R. Mitchell, Wallis Warren, A. T. Hardin, Thomas Selmon, Elikan Everett, and the father of the numerous and highly respectable—the Selmans. Perhaps the most far seeing man devoted to the interests of Rome, that ever lived in our nation was Wm. E. B. Tamm, the father of Mr. Tamm. He was of great energy and very full capacity, with the will and courage of Andrew Jackson—warm in his friendships and attachments. He saw an early day the prospective commercial importance of Rome. He saw very far in advance of the place and the people. He caused to be projected and built the first steamboat that ever ploughed the surface of the Coosa river.

He was born to command, and generally had at least one-half of the voters of the county under his control. He was often honored with positions of trust by the people of the county. He was once state senator.

He died at an early age. He was a close and intimate friend of Colonel Alfred Shorter.

The earliest settlers few, if any remainals, alas, have gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns. Melancholy reflection. The writer knew them all—they were his friends, and are now in the grave.

The ferry at the junction of the rivers was a matter of great controversy. One Weatherford or Woodward claimed to have possession and desired to hold it and receive the emoluments thereof. Colonel Daniel R. Mitchell and the Hemphills and others had purchased the land on which the ferry was to be organized to take it by force, and among their forces was Genulph Wynn, a Methodist preacher beyond middle age. The contest for a while was very doubtful the forces and chances being about equal. At length Genulph Wynn obtained a pole with which the flat was steered and knocked the leader of the opposite party out of the flat into the river, and bringing his pole around with a shout of encouragement, drove the whole opposite forces from the ground, and Mitchell and his party had the ferry boat.

Among the late settlers were William H. Underwood, Dr. Miller, A. D. Shackelford, William T. Price, R. S. Norton, William E. Alexander, Pentecost and Ithy. The Alexanders, the Smith family, Colonel Al-

fred Shorter and Wade S. Cochran, active-minded and public spirited men.

A. B. Ross, clerk superior court, the father of our present clerk, was here at an early day. He held the office of clerk until his death, and was as good a man as ever lived in the county.

John Rogers, John D'Journeaut and Ewell Merrideth and the Berryhill's were sterling men.

The Rev. George White, of Savannah, Ga., published a book statistics and history of Georgia, there very little said of Floyd county.

Floyd is now the fifth or sixth county in point of population and taxation, and Rome the sixth city in the state.

The future of Rome is very promising. The growth has been gradual and it is a remarkable fact Rome has built up by money made in the place principally very little capital from abroad has been used.

Rome ought to be the great manufacturing commercial and financial center of this south-west Georgia. We have considerable manufacturing interest here now, and with the ores, slate, marble and other precious and valuable stones near enough to us the future of Rome must be upward and onward. There is no colony better situated than the town of Rome, Cedartown, Rockmart and Cartersville, the interest of the one is the interest of the whole. Let there be each and every man push forward the wheel of our progress, and make this section in point of face and development what the God of nature intended, the most prosperous and lovely section of this great country.

W. H.

Delicate and Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constrain you that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the painful cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

FEELS YOUNG Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the entire system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physician could find any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters with such good effect that she seems to feels young again, although over 70 years old. Whether this is no other medicine fit to use in the family?"—A lady, in Providence.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them.

MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

\$3,000 lost.—"A tour to Europe that cost me \$3,000 done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters: they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness, and dyspepsia."

R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

HIGH AUTHORITY.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters.

GREEN, U. S. COM. IN' T'RL. REV.

So BLOOMINGTON, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs—I have been suffering ten years and I tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors.

MISS S. BOONE.

Baby Saved!

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

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GREEN, U. S. COM. IN' T'RL. REV.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.



The holidays were approaching; Gerald, Charles and Herbert stood in the corridors of the Markham cogitating upon the events of the day.

"I wonder what the season promises?" asked Herbert.

"I give it up," said Gerald.

"It's a puzzle to me," added Charles.

The three swells were deeply infatuated with the same woman, and each sought to keep the secret from the other. Some minutes later they separated. Then Gerald went off and mused to himself: "I must get my life's happiness with this Christmas' present. What shall I send to win Florence forever?"

And Charles, also, thought these words: "What shall I best send to secure me against my hated rivals? Florence must be mine."

Herbert, too, muttered: "By Jove! I must down those other fellows. How can I annihilate Gerald and Charles? Oh! Florence, my idol!"

A CARD.

We desire to announce that notwithstanding the heavy drafts made upon us during the past week, our stock has been replenished by fresh shipments of Diamonds, Watches fine Jewelry and silver that have come in by every express.

We are enabled to present to-morrow a superb stock of holiday goods, and cordially invite the public to call and examine the many tempting articles which we offer at prices within reach of the most economical.

J. P. STEVENS & CO., JEWELERS.

DIAMONDS.

Our unprecedentedly large sales of these gems during the past week, shows a considerable appreciation on the part of purchasers, of the extremely low prices, and the comprehensive stock which we display. We can please the most moderate demand, for either the inexpensive clusters or valuable fine carat solitaires.

We offer these goods at prices so reasonable as to make their purchase a desirable investment to say nothing of their attractiveness as ornaments.

Exquisite lace pins, finely matched pairs of solitaire Earrings, and a large variety of rings and fancy pieces are shown. Obtain our prices before purchasing.

J. P. STEVENS, & CO., JEWELERS.



Herbert, after spending several days among the various shops and stores of the city, could find nothing with which to satisfy his own taste.

"Why not send her my pug?" he asked himself. "That will win her, I know, for women adore beautiful pugs. Now, that dog cost me two hundred, and shall be the means of my future joy. Bless the dear dog, why didn't I think of it before?"

When the eventful evening came, he approached the home of Florence. Inside it was ablaze with brilliant lights. He had sent his pet pug in a gilded wire cage with "The season's compliments."

A short while later he went puffing down the street. He had seen Florence, and her only words of greeting were: "Oh, why did you send me that dispicable dog! I'll return it, sir, at once."

This sealed the doom of Herbert.

WILDCAT'S CHRISTMAS.

Written for The Constitution.

In the ruined old shanty out in the corn-field Wildcat's mother lay dead. Some kindly neighbors had closed the eyes and prepared the body for its final rest, that it might be decently laid away.

This woman had been a disgrace to the village and only to her strange wild child, to whom the mother had clung with such wolfish love, could her death bring sorrow.

This little creature was lying in a tumbled heap by the bedside when her mother died, and was left unmolested by the women who moved about, whispering together as they composed the body and prepared it for burial. With consternation, at last, they saw her spring to her feet and rush from the room, screaming at them with wild anger for the sightless words she had heard them speak of the dead. Out of the house she ran filling the autumn air with her shrill cries, and only slackened her headlong pace at the great fence by the roadside. Scrambling over this she threw her self down and beat the ground in her helpless wrath.

Suddenly there came to her ear the noise of trampling feet and the blast of a hunter's horn. At the sound she hushed her loud wails, forgot her grief and anger. A herd of cattle were coming. Many times, from the fence top she had shouted to the herdsmen passing with their droves, and they had always been kind to her. Now, instantly, her resolve was taken, and rising from the ground she walked out into the road and quietly stood waiting.

"Get away from that!" shouted the man who rode in front of the cattle, on seeing the little figure. "Get out, I say, the better not be over you in a minute." With these words he cracked the whip he held in his hand. The child did not move. The foremost of the cattle frightened by the stinging sound of the lash, started forward. In a moment they would have trampled her in the dust, had not their driver dashed ahead and caught her up, just as they galloped past.

"What a little devil you are!" exclaimed the man as he rode to one side and reined in his horse. "What did you do that for? A minute more and you'd be dead. Git down now and don't try that again." "I won't get down," the child said quietly, clinging fast to the buttons on his coat, "I did that on purpose."

"Then you're dead now; my mother's dead!" There was a slight softening in the hard little voice here and she continued, the sadness all gone from her tones. "I heard the old woman from the village say they were going to take me with 'em and I won't go. I hate 'em all. They driv us away to the old hut where she died, halfway cause we never had nothing to eat. I'm hungry now, tell you, and I wont go and live with 'em. I'm gon' with you. I walked out there to make you pick me up."

In mute astonishment the man looked at the defiant, tear-stained face. Then he asked her name. "Loreny," she answered. "Wildcat's what you must say. They calls me Wildcat round here, cause I got a mean bite. They make fun of it, and if you don't take me with you I always will." Hear the hardness all melted. Throwing her arms around the shaggy neck she hid her face on his breast and sobbed and begged until the kindly heart under the rough coat was touched. Swinging her tiny form to a seat on the horse behind him, he said: "Why, of course, baby, I'll take you if you've got no folks;" then galloped ahead to overtake his companions.

Poor little Wildcat's heart was swelling with delight as she rode along. She was escaping from the village people and the hated bugbear of a life with them. But at times the memory of the dead mother she had left

with no good-bye kiss, would come to her, bringing a flood of tears. Her new friend, the kind-hearted neighbors, had brought his涕泪, and the hands that held him so tight, and cheered the child with loving words.

When he had overtaken his companions he showed his new-found treasure. "Well, boys," he said, "I've picked up a little unback yonder. The old woman—her mother—pegged out and left this baby with no home or friends, so I've took 'er. It'll be handy to have a little gal around."

The men all crowded near to see the small stranger and gave her cordial welcome. She was a child helpless and alone. That fact appealed to each one. She must have care and protection, and there were none to give it to themselves, so right there Loreny was adopted.

That night when she was fast asleep tucked away in the old wagon body, her future was discussed around the camp-fire. She belonged, of course, by first rights to the one who had found her, but he had said, with generous ardor: "We'll all have a hand in the raisin. I'm the brother, but you kin all be first cousins. Now, aint that pretty square?" They all agreed that what he said was square and the matter was settled.

Christmas eve had come. Jim had tucked the child away quite early, and joining the group who were to sit up that night and watch the cattle in case of a stampede, he said: "There's a norther blowin' up; better keep a good watch over them critters. If there's much of a wind, I'm afraid we'll have all in good time."

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Instantly the entire mass of cattle were on their feet, bewildered and terrified by the sudden, deafening report. The frightened stampede had begun; and springing upon their horses, staked, all saddled, at hand, the mounted ones, those who had been trained to follow bellowing animals that had fled with fright, rushed back and forth in the darkness. The occasional flash of lightning and dying gleam of the camp fire, quenched by the rain, only made the scene more terrible. As Jim saw once by the lightning's glare of two of his comrades go down under the cruel hoofs, he muttered a prayer of thankfulness that the little one in the ranch was safely away from all the hideous danger.

He had come for a moment near the cabin in which he thought her sleeping, when to his horrified amazement he saw a little white form in the doorway. It was Loreny, his little Wildcat, and above the terrible uproar he called her name. "Go back, Loreny! O, God, don't let her come a step further." He prayed in his agony, then plunging into the heaving mass that separated them, he tried to reach her side. Instantly he was surrounded. The long whip in his hand did valiant work, and his noble horses struggled gallantly, but at last they were overpowered. The maddened brutes rushed onward in their efforts to escape from them knew not what; the horse lost his footing and neither he nor his master rose again. The men nearest the cabin fled; they heard them yell a child's loud cry, but could not say anything. The little figure was no longer in the doorway.

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful after the night of terror. The fierce storm quieted as suddenly as it had come and in the weary drooping cattle scattered over the prairie, one could not recognize the creatures that had seemed like demons in the darkness and horror of the night time.

Lying in the sunshine close by poor Jim's side was the crushed and lifeless form of the little child who had been the joy and pet of all the men, faithful to the friend she had so dearly loved even to the end.

"Loreny, and this is our Christmas day," groaned one of the men, as he gathered the dead baby up in his arms and carried her into the cabin. "They horned devils have done it now."

There was bitter mourning that day in the ranch; three of the men lay dead beside Loreny, and half full the cattle had been killed in the night. "It's rough, boys, mighty rough, but none of it don't come home to me like her. I can't make out she's dead. But she got too good to live. I knowed she'd die as soon as she got over all her old wildcat ways." The speaker paused here (he was digging a grave) to wipe away the tears that rolled down his cheeks. "We'll see her here to find her Christmas, and a dead better it'll be than any she could have here, but anyhow, let's give her ours too. We can't never bear to look at them things we got for her, so, let's put 'em away with her."

Christians time drew near. But this season, so full of joy to more fortunate children, meant nothing to Loreny. Christmas days had never held any pleasure for her and she cared neither for their coming or going. Jim found this out and concocted a magnificent programme for the one now near at hand, which would make her ever afterward love that happy time. With great enthusiasm the men entered into the plan and a party were sent to the nearest town where all the things needful for their beautiful scheme might be found. Wonderfully well was it all kept from Loreny, though many a blunderer had told the story and was saved only by a warn knock.

Right in the midst of their gay preparation came summons from Kansas for a herd of

cattle. They must move on northward. But what of Loreny's Christmas? They could not afford to leave her, their charming partner, and waiting a few days would make but little difference. They would leave the camp, therefore, on Christmas afternoon. Then with luck they could reach their destination all in good time.

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Gerald had labored zealously for a whole week before Christmas in the vain endeavor to satisfy his exacting ideas as to a suitable gift for Florence.

"Shall I send her a toilette case?" he queried to himself. "No; that will never do. Her boudoir is already a palace, and she must have something to draw her away from the glittering gems that surround her."

"Why not send something literary?" suggested a good spirit.

"I'll do that very thing!" he ejaculated.

From Gerald Florence received a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Shortly after Herbert left her on Christmas night, Gerald put in an appearance.

"Mr. Gerald," said the fair creature, "do you take me for an idiot, that I don't know how to spell the queen's English? Get out of my sight, and, here, take your hated book."

Gerald's funeral went off well the next week.

WATCHES.

In these articles we have new features.

A ladies' watch with the inside cap arranged for placing in it the picture of the giver. These we produce in a variety of exquisitely decorated cases. "Shell cases" are popular, are the new "box," but these inside with effective designs in different colors of gold produce the most pleasing contrasts. We also exhibit the very small stem winders, no larger than a nickel piece.

Gentlemen's watches in great variety. The "Stevens Watch" is now well known as not only the most accurate in the market, but having greater improvements than others. They are fully guaranteed and the purchaser has the satisfaction of knowing that should any accident occur to his watch a new part can be procured here at home and the watch made the same as new in a few minutes.

J. P. STEVENS & CO., JEWELERS.

out of the grounds, the same guard who had accosted me as I entered stood at his post.

"Are you allowed to talk?" I asked.

"O, yes," he replied.

"Then tell me something about this arsen-

al: what is it for?"

"It is run by the government, and is, as its name suggests, an arsenal."

"Then you have guns and ammunition stored here?"

"Yes, there are about 50,000 stand of small arms here, besides several hundred cannons."

"How do you?" he being a guard here?"

"So well that when the time is out, I shall set out homewards again and go at some-thing else," said guard.

The man was probably forty-five years old, and said he had lived all his life near the arsenal. Three years ago he enlisted, he has two years longer to serve. He says the hard-ships are more than he can stand, being forced to guard with solemn tread six hours every day, six hours every night, and never allowed to go a visiting often than once a month. How thoroughly patriotic such a life must be, at sixteen dollars a month."

THE SAND HILLS.

Augusta would not be Augusta without the Sand Hills. It is the home of the swellish members of the club, and by the toasts, etc., it is one of the most inviting places I have ever visited. The dwellers make it a kind of Nauvoo, where everyone does as one pleases, and where the hand of hospitality is ever ready to grasp a visitor and make him feel at home.

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"Then tell me something about this arsen-

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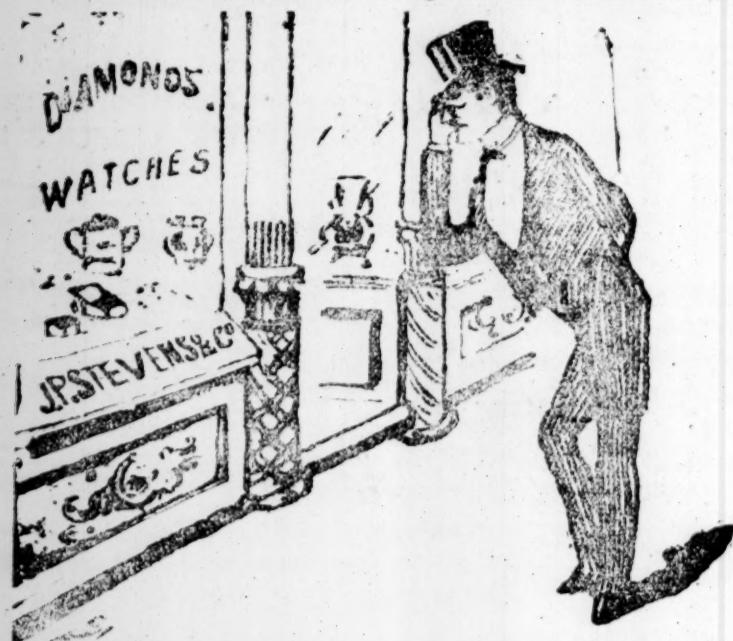
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"So well that when the time is out, I shall set out homewards again and go at some-thing else," said guard.

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A CHRISTMAS STORY.



Whitehall street had been crowded a week before the holidays. Before the show windows throngs of people stood looking at the beautiful things displayed within. Poor Charles had been much worried over the matter of sending Florence a suitable gift—one that would reader him unto her as the hero of the hour. He had seen books, birds, fans, opera-glasses, bracelets, everything, in fact, that could please the eye.

"But she has all these things," he said to himself, "I must hit upon something else." The day before Christmas he paused before the elegant jewelry store of J. P. Stevens & Co.

"Aha!" he cried, "I have it now! I'll buy my Florence a diamond rare, and I know that will make her mine."

Suiting the action to the word, he bought the jewel. For developments see the cartoon to follow.

A WORD TO PURCHASERS TO-MORROW.

Mistakes are often made in the purchase of Christmas presents, either in getting an article that is perishable or soon broken and laid aside, or something that is ill adapted to the uses of the person receiving it.

In purchasing an article of jewelry you cannot make in presents for either ladies or gentlemen. Such articles are worn and appreciated. They possess intrinsic value, and are ever present reminders of the pleasant occasion of their presentation. We have articles that cost very little, and are especially designed for gift purposes.

J. P. STEVENS & CO. JEWELERS,

NEW YORK TOPICS.

THE STRANGE ANTI-PATHY TO JEWS ILLUSTRATED.

Freaks of Fashion at the Bartholdi French Exhibit—Anthony Comstock Looking at the Pictures—A Remembrance of Sarah Jewett—The Contributions for Cooper's Monument.

By telegraph to The Constitution.

NEW YORK, December 21.—To state a fact in the popular and fashionable Christian antipathy towards the Jews is not to take any sympathetic part in it. You doubtless know that the Astors are, by themselves and some others, placed at the highest point in social estimation. They are a part of our imitation aristocracy, and are always arrogant, even though occasionally laughed at. Mrs. William B. Astor's exhibit of lace, in the Bartholdi statue fund fair, is by far the finest of them all—excepting one. And the single competitor in this matter is Mrs. Jessie Seligman, wife of that particular and wealthy Jewish banker whom Henry Hilton so publicly excluded from the Grand Union hotel, at Saratoga, a few years ago, wholly on account of his nationality. "No Christ Killers can sit down at the same tables with Christians under a roof of mine," Hilton is reported to have said at that time.

But under the more liberal shelter of the academy of design, Mrs. Seligman is allowed to place her treasures of lace right alongside those of Mrs. Astor. I waited the competitive exhibits for an hour, and it was curious to note the manner in which prejudice showed itself. Mrs. Astor's lace was unqualifiedly admired. Everybody accepted it as genuine beyond question, and many with the American instinct of measuring the worth of everything by the standard of dollars, wondered how many thousands each piece represented. It was different when the name of Seligman was found in the catalogue opposite the adjacent meshes of intricately wrought material. Incredulity as to its actual quality was frequently expressed; and there were remarks that the articles had no doubt been Jewishly picked up at bargains, that it was strange for a Jewess to have an appreciative taste for such things, and other comments equally uncharitable.

The girls of trivial society may have no deep knowledge or liking, for the high and dry phases of art that make up the bulk of this exhibition, but they are alert to take some of its available features as the basis for new freaks of fashion. One of the noteworthy exhibits is a collection of old minatures, mostly of the time of George III. Several of the female favorites of that monarch are pictured with exquisite workmanship on the lids of snuff boxes. The most curious likenesses are of eyes only. The originals are supposed to have belonged to George's mistresses, and probably he, who was familiar with the love-light of those orbs, was able to recognize them if nobody else was. As they appear to a stranger, so long afterwards, they are common enough pairs of optics, though it is imaginable that they once looked out from very bewitching faces. They have proved sufficient for a suggestion to our own belles, who have already begun to get their eyes photographed. Any artist will tell you that the human eye is in itself entirely expressive, or at least incapable of the slightest changes of expression. The brows and lids are mobile, and tears may soften, but that is all. There is no use, however, in trying to make the girls believe any such heresy against sentiment. They peer their eyes before the camera in the firm belief that their orbs are as mimetic as their lips.

A visitor at the exhibition had a deep scar across his cheek. In other respects he was simply a slender, smooth-faced, neatly-dressed man of forty, quick and nervous in his movements, and not personally conspicuous in a throng. He was examining the examples of French and Italian painting quite carefully, and yet with no greater show of critical interest than was common to many others. It was to be observed that he showed a preference for

SOLID SILVER.

We keep only the sterling quality, which is finer than coin, and display a large assortment of staple articles, such as spoons, forks, ladies, napkin rings, fruit knives, etc., etc.

Also a full stock of fancy cased goods for presentation purposes.

J. P. STEVENS & CO. JEWELERS.



A fairer damsel than Florence Thompson never stepped upon the soft floor of a princess' palace. She was the perfection of womanly grace, with a form perfect, lithe and willowy. Her eyes were deep blue, lustrous and filled with an expression of divine tenderness which made men fall before her like fields of grain under the fell swoop of the reaper's scythe. She had scores of admirers, but none of them seemed to have that congeniality of taste which a strong woman so earnestly longs for in men. Her picture is presented herewith, and it is no difficult matter to understand why she was called beautiful or why men worshipped in such droves at her shrine. She had the face of Beatrice, with the youthful loveliness and innocence of Esmeralda.



It was not until Gerald and Herbert had long since gotten to their rooms, when Charles entered the parlors at the Thomps' mansion. The friends of Florence had all called and one by one had been dismissed. What an eventful hour for Charles! To him it was the one hour of his life. Was he to be his? Why not? Did he not hold in his pocket the key to his own happiness? Let us see. Draw the curtain aside, and behold Florence seated upon a luxurious divan. With the grace of a courtier he walked to her side, presented his wishes for an happy Christmas, and then reached into his pocket for the jewel. It was one of Steven's royal diamonds, and cost \$1,000.

"This is my Christmas greeting," he said as he leaned over and gave Florence the diamond.

"And this is mine!" said the sweet girl. The next moment she was resting in his arms. Selah!

J. P. STEVENS & CO. JEWELERS.

AN ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF
FANCY GOODS,
ORNAMENTAL LAMPS, STATUETTES, FRENCH
CLOCKS WITH CATHEDRAL STRIKE.

OPERA GLASSES, TOILET SETS, ETC.

J. P. STEVENS & CO., JEWELERS.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Written for The Atlanta Constitution.
Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Falling to sky and the earth below,
Over the rooftops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;

Dancing,

Flirring, shimmering along,
Beautiful snow! It can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome fresh.

Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, and tickle as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes fly, like butterflies as they go!
Whirling about in its mad tennis fun,
It plays in glee with everyone.

Chasing,

Loveling,

It lights up the face and sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.

The town is alive, and its heart is a glow

To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
How the girls in their gay gowns and gossamer!

How the gay sledges like meteors fly by!

Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.

Ringling,

Swinging,

Dashing they go

Over the crest of the beautiful snow;

Show so pure when it falls from the sky,

To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;

To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet

Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Cursing,

Pleading,

Dreading to die,

Selling my soul to whomever would buy,

Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Merciful God! Have I fallen so low?

And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Mother,

Sisters all,

God and myself, I have lost by thy fall;

The veriest wretches that e'er thy spirit by;

Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;

For all that is on or about me, I know;

There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,

With an eye like icystals, a heart like its glow;

Once I was loved for my innocent grace—

Father,

Sister,

Brother,

Friends,

Playmates,

EARLY SETTLERS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EMPIRE STATE.

The Many Attempts Made Before Settlement Was Effected—A Glimpse of John and Charles Wesley—The Rise of Ebenezer—The Fortune of the Salzburgers—Etc.

SAVANNAH, Ga., November 15.—A curious feature of the colonization of the south, particularly of Georgia, and one quite overlooked by the general historian, is the many abortive attempts made for its settlement before a final lodgment was effected. Janes town, in Virginia, Roanoke island and Brunswick, in North Carolina, Port Royal in South Carolina, Ebenezer, Frederica, Sunbury, and several others less noted will at once occur to the specialist as examples of this truth.

In conversation with a gentleman of this city noted for his interest in the early history of his state, he gave me so picturesque an account of the origin and condition of some of these dead towns that I think it should be preserved in print.

EARLY SETTLEMENT.

Ebenezer lies about thirty miles north of Savannah, on the banks of a small stream a short distance above its entrance into the Savannah river. One can see from its ruins that it was once a considerable town. Pines and cedars overshadow the cellars of many a once godly dwelling; ruins of workshop and storehouse, the limits of a public common land, the place where the settlers may still be traced—by initials there are now no place names what have faded, a deserted village.

To the visitor familiar with its history it recalls a striking feature in the colonization of Georgia, the emigration of the Salzburgers and their somewhat checkered career after being domiciled in their new homes. For this dead town was their former settlement. In 1734, a year after Oglethorpe with the first company of immigrants landed on the bluffs of the Savannah, the first body of this interesting people arrived. There were fifty families in all, comprising some seventy-eight persons. They were members of a race which was just then receiving the sympathy and active aid of all Protestant Europe. Natives of the archiepiscopal of Salzburg, and descendants of the pious Waldenses of the Piedmont Alps, the persecutions of the Catholic prelates had scattered them over Europe and had left them literally nothing but their faith. At this juncture the benevolent Oglethorpe and his colleagues heard of their distressed state, and invited them to emigrate with other beneficiaries of the company to the new colony of Georgia, offering as an inducement to defray the expenses of their passage and to give each colonist on his arrival fifty-acres of land, and to furnish provisions until his first harvest should be gathered. This very liberal offer was accepted, and the first contingent, as we have seen, came over in 1734. A second company of fifty-seven persons arrived in the ship Prince of Wales in January 1735, but the most important hegira, known in the history of these people as the "Great Embarkation," occurred in the fall of 1735. It was quality, however, rather than quantity that made it noteworthy. In the July of that year, the trustees of Georgia, encouraged by a grant of twenty-four thousand pounds from Parliament, made public proclamation that they were ready to furnish free transportation to Georgia to a limited number of such persons as should be approved of by them. Some twelve hundred applied, but in order to secure the best class of settlers it was decided to accept only certain Highlanders of Scotland and the Salzburgers of Germany. One hundred of the latter, residing in Ratisbon, were selected, eighty of whom accepted and set out for England under the care of Baron von Reck and Captain Harnsdorf. Meanwhile two ships, the Symond, of two hundred tons, and the London Merchant, of the same tonnage, were ready for sea by the trustees. The emigrants were soon assembled at Gravesend, and on October 20th, 1735, the little fleet put to sea from that port under convoy of the sloops-of-war Hawk.

A GLIMPSE OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

It was in some respects the most noteworthy expedition that had left the kingdom for America. Oglethorpe himself commanded it. Several distinguished noblemen accompanied him. John and Charles Wesley, the future founders of Methodism, were passengers. The crew of the somewhat gay company of emigrants were twenty-seven Moravians, the chief object of their voyage being, like that of the Wesleys, the religious improvement of the colonists and the preaching of the gospel to the Indians. John Wesley was a young man at this time, a grave, thoughtful, inquiring student, and had just taken orders in the established church. He had not been long on shipboard when the sweet unaffected piety of the Germans and their spiritual songs and prayers attracted his attention, and during the voyage he became a close student of their character and principles. It is generally admitted that his association with them induced him to adopt the peculiar doctrines which a few years later characterized Methodism. Reaching Savannah after a tempestuous voyage of three months and a half the Salzburgers at once joined their countrymen at their settlement some thirty miles up the river. The town and country as they found it is thus pleasantly described by the Baron von Reck in his journal: "The lands are enclosed by two rivers that fall into the Savannah, and the town is built near the largest of these, and is called Ebenezer. The river is navigable, being twelve feet deep, a little above the town, and is a fair waterway, bounded by the town. Another runs through it, and both fall into the Ebenezer. The woods here are not so thick as in other places. The sweet zephyrs preserve a delicious coolness, notwithstanding the scorching beams of the sun. There are very fine meadows, in which a great quantity of hay might be made with very little trouble. The hillocks are also very fit for vines. The cedar, walnut, pine, cypress, and oak make the greatest part of the woods. There are likewise a great quantity of myrtle-trees, out of which they extract, by boiling the berries, a strong oil, proper to burn candles with. There is much cotton, and a good quantity of those plants of which indigo is made, and an abundance of China root. The earth is so fertile that it will bring forth anything that can be sown or planted in it, whether fruits, herbs, or trees. There are wild vines, which run up to the tops of the tallest trees, and the country is so good that one may ride in full gallop twenty or thirty miles. As to game, there are eagles, wild turkeys, roe-bucks, wild goats, stags, wild cows, hares, partridges, and buffaloes."

THE RISE OF EBENEZER.

We have space but for a brief recital of the fortunes of the Salzburgers, after they were fairly established in their new homes. On the advent of the last body of colonists new and more substantial dwellings were built, and a house of worship was erected. For many years they endured the toils and privations incident to pioneer life. Lumber for building was a scarce commodity. Having neither boats nor teams their provisions were brought from Savannah on their shoulders. Sickness was their curse, and many in the first years of the settlement fell victims to fever and malarial disorders. Agriculture was for years the only industry followed. They cultivated corn and other cereals, rice and indigo, and led the colony in the production of silkworms. Silk-raising was one of the earliest industries established among them. As early as 1733 the trustees by liberal offers had induced Nicolas Amatis, a Piedmontese, to remove to Georgia with his servant, who, like his master, was well skilled in the art. The Salz-

burgers seem to have taken most kindly to the craft. As early as 1736 mulberry trees were planted at Ebenezer, and the raising of silkworms began. In 1742 the colonists received five hundred trees from abroad and erected a machine for preparing the silk. Three years later the first specimens of the raw material were sent to England. In 1748 the production reached four hundred and sixty-four pounds. In 1749 Mr. Bolzius, the pastor and director of the colony, was authorized by the trustees to erect ten sheds and ten reeling machines, and to procure everything else needed in the manufacture. By 1750 the number of colonists had abounded in the industry, while at Ebenezer it was at its highest tide of prosperity, the town shipping to England in 1751 one thousand pounds of cocoons, and seventy-four pounds two ounces of raw silk, the latter realizing the handsome sum of thirty shillings per pound. In acknowledgment of their skill the trustees offered a reeling machine and two pounds in money to every female among them who should become proficient in the work. The industry flourished so long as Ebenezer remained inhabited, and many of the descendants of the Salzburgers in Georgia still practice it. We saw a great mill also erected at that same day by Pastor Bolzius. The Salzburgers remained a distinct people, preserving their language and faith until long after the period of the revolution, a result largely due to the reverend men sent over to them as pastors by the parent church. Many of these men were men of great learning, as well as piety, all left honorable and lucrative positions at home to serve the little church in the wilderness, and most of them to die in its service. The names of Bolzius, Cronan, Muhlenberg, and Lemcke are worthy to live in history with those of Robison, Brewster, and others.

At the time of the revolution, Ebenezer was a flourishing village, and was one of the first points captured and occupied by the British after the reduction of Savannah. The presence of the British soldiery worked a sad change in the condition of the little community. The better class of citizens removed from the town to escape the rudeness of the soldiers who were quartered among them; and the British commander, in contempt of their religious feelings, turned their fine brick church over to the soldiers for his stables, and later into a stable for the horses of the command. At the close of the hostilities, most of the citizens returned, but the town never regained its former peaceful and communistic condition. A spirit of disaffection crept into the church, innovations were introduced, one being the substitution of the English for the German language in its services. Many of the Salzburgers withdrew to join Methodist and Baptist churches which had sprung up near them, and a little later the lands of the vicinity of the village having become worn out most of the remaining inhabitants withdrew to secure homes in other parts of the country. By 1832 Ebenezer was practically abandoned. A visitor to the town in 1836 gives a vivid picture of its desolation at that time. He says: "The town has gone now, remaining, and even one of these is untenanted. The old church, however, stands in bold relief upon an open lawn, and by its somewhat antique appearance seems silently, yet forcibly, to call up the reminiscences of former years. Not far distant from the church is the cemetery, in which are sleeping the remains of the venerable men who founded the colony and the church, and many of their descendants, who one by one have gone down to the grave to mingle their ashes with those of their illustrious ancestors. Except upon the Sabbath when the descendants of the Salzburgers go to their temple to worship the God of their fathers, the stillness which reigns around Ebenezer is seldom broken, save by the warbling of the birds, the occasional transit of a steamer, or the murmurs of the Savannah, as it flows on to lose itself in the ocean. The sighing winds chant melancholy dirges as they sweep through the lofty pine-sand cedar which cast their sombre shades over this deserted village." Desolation seems to have spread over this once favored spot its wintering wing and arm here, where generation after generation have dwelt, and the descendants of the persecuted and exiled Salzburgers reared their offspring in the hope that they would leave a numerous progeny of pious, useful, and prosperous citizens, and where everything seemed to bode the establishment of thrifty and permanent colony, scarcely anything is to be seen except the sad evidences of decay and death."

C. B. T.

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A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER. There is none stronger. None so pure and wholesome. Contains no Alum or Ammonia. Has been used for years in a million homes. Its great strength makes it the cheapest. Its perfect purity the healthiest. In the family loaf most delicious. Prove it by the only true test.

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NAILS. NAILS. NAILS. NAILS.
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LOW, LOW, LOW
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Sewer Pipe,
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Sewer Pipe,
Sewer Pipe,
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A nice pair hand made Shoes,
A nice pair hand made Boots,
A nice pair hand made Slippers,
A nice pair Artic Overshoes,
A nice pair Over-gaiters,
A nice pair Gloves,
A fashionable Silk Hat,
A fashionable Cassimer Hat,
A fashionable Derby Hat,
A fashionable Stetson Hat,
A fashionable Soft Hat,
A good Silk Umbrella,
A good Alpaca Umbrella,
A stylish Fancy Neck Scarf,
A stylish Black Neck Scarf,
A stylish Silk Neck Tie,
A dozen Undershirts & Drawers,
A dozen Linen Handkerchiefs,
A dozen Collars and Cuffs,
A dozen pair Socks,
A dozen or so Shirts,
A useful Silk Handkerchief,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

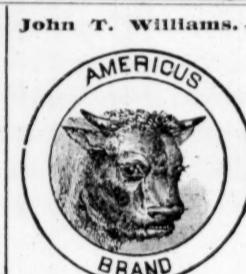
FOR YOUR WIVES & DAUGHTERS
A pair Zeigler's Shoes,
A pair Wright's Shoes,
A pair Reynold's Shoes,
A pair Bernhardt Shoes,
A pair Zeigler Slippers,
A pair Kid Slippers,
A pair White Kid Slippers,
A pair Common Sense Shoes,
A pair Princess Overshoes,
A pair Olivette Overshoes,
A pair Bernhardt Overshoes,
A pair Rubber Overshoes,
A pair each for the Children,
A nice Silk Umbrella,
A nice Alpaca Umbrella,
A nice Ginghams Umbrella,
A nice Silk Handkerchief,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

HOLIDAY GOODS.
White Silk Mufflers, Silk Hosiery, Silk Suspenders, French Kid Gloves, Neck Wear, English and American Style, English Umbrellas and Walking Sticks, Wedding and Party Outfits.
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Machine Shops, Saw Works and Foundry,

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These Goods are USEFUL and ORNAMENTAL, being absolutely Fire-Proof and Beautifully Decorated. The public and especially the ladies, are cordially invited to call and inspect them.

Fire and Burglar-Proof Safes and Vaults.

CLARKE HERBERT & CO.,
No. 20 Loyd Street, Atlanta, Ga.

SOUTHERN SANITARIUM

THE ONLY

Scientifically Conducted

HYGIENIC INSTITUTION

of its kind South.

U. O. ROBERTSON, M. D. Physicians and

MRS. U. O. ROBERTSON, M. D. Proprietors

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

OF THE

GATE CITY NATIONAL BANK.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Gate City National Bank, of Atlanta, will be held at the banking house on Tuesday, the 8th day January, 1884, for the purpose of electing Directors and the transaction of other business. Edward S. McCandless, Cashier.

Condensed Local Passenger Schedule (on basis Central Division time, by which all trains are run,) in effect November 15, 1883.

SOUTHWARD.

STATIONS. Train No. 53 Train No. 51

Leave Cleveland 8:00 am 8:35 pm

Leave CHATTANOOGA 8:20 am -----

" Ooltewah 8:30 am -----

" Cohutta 8:35 pm 8:15 pm

" Dalton 8:30 pm 8:35 pm

Arrive East Rome 8:35 am -----

" Rome 11:15 am 6:00 pm

Leave East Rome 11:30 pm 6:30 pm

" Rockmart 7:20 pm 7:30 pm

" Dallas 1:02 pm 8:15 pm

Arrive ATLANTA 2:30 pm 9:45 pm

Leave McDonough 3:15 pm 1:35 am

" Jackson 5:20 pm 4:30 am

" Indian Springs 5:42 pm 5:15 am

Arrive MACON 7:55 pm 8:00 am

Leave Cochran 7:55 pm 9:05 pm

" Eastman 10:25 pm 11:05 am

Arrive JESUP 2:30 pm 5:20 pm

Leave Sterling 3:30 pm -----

" BRUNSWICK 6:45 am -----

NORTHWARD.

STATIONS. Train No. 54 Train No. 52

Leave BRUNSWICK 8:30 pm 8:35 pm

" Sterling 9:10 pm -----

Arrive JESUP 11:00 pm 12:00 am

" Eastman 4:15 am 5:15 pm

" Cohutta 4:15 pm 5:15 pm

Arrive MACON 7:00 pm 3:30 pm

Leave Indian Spring 9:15 pm 4:25 pm

" Jackson 10:08 pm 7:53 pm

" McDonough 10:53 pm 9:05 pm

Arrive ATLANTA 12:30 pm 11:30 pm

Leave Dallas 3:15 pm 3:35 pm

" Rockmart 4:08 pm 5:25 am

Arrive East Rome 5:10 pm 4:30 am

Leave Dalton 6:34 pm 11:20 pm

" Cohutta 7:25 pm 12:20 pm

" Colquitt 8:10 pm 12:00 pm

Arrive CHATTANOOGA 8:10 pm 1:10 pm

Leave Cleveland 8:19 pm 1:10 pm

CONTAINING 1,800 PAGES, THE BEST WORK

of the kind in the U. S. For sale by

JUDSON & DUNLOP,
13 and 15 E. Hunter st.

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SOCIAL GOSSIP.

THE FEATURES OF THE WEEK CHRONICLED.

Entertaining Our Company—The Movements of Our People Abroad—Marrying and Giving in Marriage—Topics of Interest to Our Lady Readers—Theatrical Matters, Etc.

Invitations are out for the marriage, on the 20th inst., of Dr. J. C. Watter and Miss Myra Jones, all of Cave Springs.

Future Bliss.

On Wednesday evening Miss Mary Adams, of Montgomery, Ala., reached and celebrated her birthday at the residence of Dr. Welborn, 33 Wall street. She was the recipient of many hand-some presents.

Birthday Celebration.

On Wednesday evening Miss Mary Adams, of Montgomery, Ala., reached and celebrated her birthday at the residence of Dr. Welborn, 33 Wall street. She was the recipient of many hand-some presents.

Those ladies who intend to receive New Year's day, and have not made up their parties, should do so at once. Parties who wish their names published, both readers and callers, should be in mind and send in their names in time.

New Year's.

There will be some at the Catholic church on Christmas eve night at 12 o'clock. Millard's celebrated mass in G, under the direction of Professor Schneider, assisted by full orchestra, also some thirty singers in the chorus. The soloists for the occasion are well known in Atlanta to be among the very best of singers. They are Miss Cuckler and Miss D'Amato, soprano; Mr. H. S. Deacon and Van Goldsmith, tenor, and Mr. Stephen Ryan, basso.

Christmas Eve Night.

The Amateur Theatricals at the residence of Mr. J. W. Meakin, on McDonough street on Friday night, was addressed by a large and highly delighted audience.

The handsome parlors were beautifully decorated, the costumes rich and particularly striking and the renditions showed careful study and in full measure merit.

At eleven o'clock the dining rooms were thrown open and an elegant supper served, after which dancing to delightful music by Wurm's orchestra was indulged until a late hour.

MATRIMONIAL.

Married in Athens on the evening of the 19th, at the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Walker, of Atlanta, to Miss Bessie Cobb, of the former place.

Rev. Mr. C. W. Lane officiating. The church was decorated in an elaborate and artistic style.

The entire front of the interior was glazed with glass, and arranged, making a strikingly beautiful effect.

An arch crowned each aisle, and over the middle aisle were two arches, more elaborate than the rest.

The first of these was above midway and the second by the entrance to the aisle, and was also provided with gates.

Underneath this one hung two snow-white doves.

Over the top of other arches were floral decorations were arranged. Upon the right in front of the audience was the letter C formed by a series of gas jets, and upon the other side correspondingly the letter E. These many bright lights of various colors presented a most delightful appearance and prepared the spectators for the brilliant train which entered about 8:30 o'clock.

First came two couples of young men, followed by the bride and the bridal party to advance, in the following order.

The Usheers—Messrs. C. A. Seudder, J. N. Smith, John Law, Basil Cobb, Thomas Cobb Whitmer, and Cobb, Whitmer & Co., and Mr. R. C. Cobb, deserves much praise for the graceful and elegant manner in which they managed the large crowd which assembled as soon as the doors were open.

ATTENDANTS.

Miss Emma, Miss Anna, Patrick Calhoun, Miss Emily Hamilton with Mr. Joseph Thompson, Miss Julie Linton with Mr. John Lawshe; Miss Besse Rutherford with Mr. Alex Hoke; Miss Mary Ann, Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Anna, Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Anna, Mrs. Ruthford with Mr. Tom Cobb Jackson; Miss Ellis Peck with Howell Glenn; Miss Annie Lawshe with Mr. Charlie Harmon; Miss Sallie Johnson with Mr. Frank Ellwood; Miss Mary, Mrs. Burton Smith; Mr. Frank Ellwood with Miss Vaughan Prince; Miss H. Lumpkin with Miss Mary Jackson.

Following these came the bride and groom, taking their stand in front of Dr. Lane, who had performed the ceremony. The organ was artistically presided over by Prof. Muller. The toilet of the bride was superb—a marvel of elegance. After the ceremony, a reception was tendered to the bridal party, and the bride and groom left for the hotel a few moments later.

A very large number of friends of the parties repaired to Mr. Hull's upon leaving the church. Among them from Atlanta were Mr. Burton Smith, Maude Venetia, Mr. H. C. Irwin, Mr. Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Parrott, Miss Mary, Mr. Joseph Thompson, General Hoke, Mr. Charles Honkiss, Judge McCay, Mr. Albert Hoke, Mr. Tom Cobb, Mr. Charles Harmon, and Mrs. Judge, Mr. R. Jackson.

The descriptions within the house were beautiful.

The bride and groom standing in the front parlor received the congratulations of a host of friends. There were almost innumerable guests. They were almost innumerable, being elegant in design and exquisitely chaste, and were sufficient evidence of the popularity of the bride and groom. The supper was elegant and in keeping with the surroundings, consisting of the choicest viands and edibles together with every delicacy of the season.

The bride is the youngest daughter of General T. C. Collier, of Virginia, the late war, and is a grand daughter of the late Judge J. H. Lumpkin, chief justice of the supreme court of Georgia. She has a host of friends not only in Atlanta, but throughout the state.

Her bright intelligence have given her a warm place in the hearts of all who know her, not alone among the immediate circle of young lady friends, but among the young old alike.

She is a prominent young gentleman in Atlanta, and by his abilities and talents rapidly advancing in his profession.

"Her lot was so sweet and soft was her nest, Home birds were there, the bunting and blist. Yet, was it not that she was pretty young bride An eagle to set by her?"

SCOTT'S TRAINEES.

The marriage of Mr. L. B. Scott to Miss Mary Evans, with whom he had been engaged for a year, at the Methodist church in Dalton, was one of the very prominent social events in the state.

The Rev. Mr. Lee, of Rome, officiated. The church was handsomely decorated, and before the ceremony commenced the wedding was announced with the many friends of the couple.

The people of Dalton seemed all to take an active interest in the marriage of the most popular and lovely girl in the community.

The bride and groom were followed by the attendants, Mr. R. F. Parrott, with Miss Anna, Mrs. T. A. Trammell, Mrs. L. M. McMechen, Mrs. U. A. Dalton, with Miss Alice Moore, of Dalton, Mr. Elijah A. Brown, of Atlanta, with Miss Lizzie Trammell, of Dalton, Mr. W. E. Edmunds, of Rome, with Miss Anna, Mrs. J. A. Dalton, Mr. Joseph M. Brown, of Atlanta, with Miss Sara Parrot, of Cartersville, Mr. W. N. Harbin, of Dalton, with Miss Lilla Barron, of Chattanooga, Mr. Colquitt Carter, of Atlanta, with Miss Anna, Mrs. C. C. Colquitt, of Dalton, with Miss Anna, Mrs. F. C. Colquitt, of Dalton, with Miss Suddie Hunt, of Rome, Mr. David Bokofzer, of Dalton, with Miss Play Humpries, of Dalton, Mr. H. H. Bokofzer, of Dalton, with Miss Anna, Mrs. May Trammell, of Dalton. The bride wore an elegant cream broad satin, trimmed with Brussels point lace and with court train. After the marriage service the bride and groom, accompanied by the bride's father, Colonel L. N. Trammell, Colonels Trammell has just had finished one of the most elegant residences in northern Georgia, dedicated to her by the son, given to her by his daughter. A table laid with green velveteen of the season was spread and until a late hour the happy couple received the congratulations of the many friends present. Mr. and Mrs. Scott left the day following for a visit to the South, and were accompanied as far as Calhoun by their attendants and many friends.

DURHAM—COLEY.

Married Dec. 12, Mr. M. Durham, of Putnam county, to Miss Belle Colley, of Washington, No. Cards.

GOING TO DAIRY.

Married at the residence of the bride's parents in Norcross, on the 20th inst., Mr. C. C. Goode, of Marietta, Alabama, to Miss J. McDaniel of Norcross, Rev. Mr. W. J. Wootten, officiating. Immediately

BLACK SILKS, COLORED SILKS, BLANKETS, TABLE LINENS, CLOAKS.

Remember, we have marked these goods at prices never before seen in Atlanta. We will continue the sale till first of January.

They are selling rapidly. Call and secure the benefit of this rare opportunity.

CHAMBERLIN, BOYNTON & CO.

CHRISTMAS GOODS. DOBBS & BROTHER

HAVE JUST RECEIVED THEIR FULL LINE OF

CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAY GOODS

That they are offering at very low prices. Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Chamber Sets, Silver Plated and Bronze goods. Children's Toy Sets, Vases, Lamps, Dog Ephorus, and a thousand other things, including Majolica ware in endless variety and shapes. Call and see for yourselves.

DOBBS & BROTHER,
53 PEACHTREE STREET.

after the ceremony the newly married couple left for Alabama, their future home.

JONES-BROWN.

Married near Fairburn, December 20th, Dr. John Jones, of Fairburn, to Miss Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Jones, of Fulton County. Their many friends extend congratulations.

Married, at 1 o'clock, December 20th, at the residence of Mr. Robert Tomlinson, in Cedartown, Col. E. N. Brooks, of Atlanta, to Miss Sallie T. Hardin, of Cartersville. The happy couple are now at their home in Atlanta.

SUDER-DOWMAN.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Dowman, of Peachtree City, on the 19th instant, at 3 p.m., Miss Fannie Dowman to Mr. J. Suber, C. E. Dowman, brother of the bride, officiating. Immediately after the wedding ceremony, the bride and groom went to the home of their parents, in Atlanta, and enjoyed the next day for Sandown, the home of the groom, the best wishes of their many friends.

ALLEN-JELETZKY.

Married at the residence of the bride's father in Paton, Dr. Walker, of Temple, was married to Miss Laura Singleton, of the former place.

Christmas.

The air is teeming with mystery and trembling with tip-topping expectancy; busy hands grow busier, and warm hearts beat with a quickened throb for the coming holiday. Then the eyes will grow brighter, and happy hearts happier, and when the day itself has passed there will be the love tokens of tenderness and remembrance to sweeten the hearts of all.

Some Christmas paintings on the walls of the parlors are gay, joyous, full of sheen and glitter; with others, alas, the scenes are somber and sad and liridly tinted with that unutterable despair begotten of the "mighty jingle."

Thus the joys of memory, now joyful, now sadly, now sadly, and thus it will ever be at Christmas tide.

Just now the little children of Atlanta are very happy indeed, for the Christmas season is here, and from the bejeweled little maid who receives "gifts from the gods" in the shape of priceless mechanical toys and costly knick-knacks, to the poor child who dreams of his own doll, or her tiny brother, growing up to be a man, the love of the lights is close at hand, and that the generous spirit of Santa Claus will open for her.

Christmas, with its nights filled with music and song, with its days filled with gaiety, is here, and the world rejoices.

What a world of happiness is here! From the bejeweled little maid who receives "gifts from the gods" in the shape of priceless mechanical toys and costly knick-knacks, to the poor child who dreams of his own doll, or her tiny brother, growing up to be a man, the love of the lights is close at hand, and that the generous spirit of Santa Claus does not avoid any darned stockings!

To the readers of THE CONSTITUTION may it be a joyful Christmas to you all. Let us all sing the poem to say, "God bless old Santa Claus," and never forgets the little darlings; and lastly, with Tiny Tim, we will say, "God bless us every one."

Debutantes' Reception.

In Friday's issue of THE CONSTITUTION mention was made of the brilliant social event of the week, when the introduction into Society of Miss Eula Maddox at the handsome residence of her father, Col. E. N. Brooks, in Cedartown, on the 19th instant. Nature seemed desirous of being a guest at the gay assemblage, and made efforts to remove the thick cloud veil which hung over the brick and stone walls of the city to gray them in party dress. The efforts were a failure, still the weather did not interfere with a very large attendance of richly attired ladies and chivalrous gentlemen. The beautiful parlors were expertly decorated, and the dining room was a picture of beauty, daintiness and elegance, and the courteous host and hostess, assisted by their accomplished daughter, received and most charmingly entertained their guests, causing the evening to be a most happy and successful one.

May every home in Atlanta know that it is Christmas again. May no little stocking, hung with loving faith in the chimney corner on Christmas eve, be empty, in the hope of getting a beehive-like gift. May the light around the Christmas breakfast glow bright in the love reflected from the Christmas gifts beside each plate.

Our own readers sit in the cheerful glow of their own homes, with their friends who have unity, sympathy and charity—see to it that Santa Claus does not avoid any darned stockings!

To the readers of THE CONSTITUTION may it be a joyful Christmas to you all. Let us all sing the poem to say, "God bless old Santa Claus," and never forgets the little darlings; and lastly, with Tiny Tim, we will say, "God bless us every one."

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The two rear parlors were arranged for dancing, and to the appropriate music of Wurm's band, dances, waltzes, etc., were most delightfully introduced.

At eleven o'clock an elegant repast was superbly served. Too much praise cannot be awarded Mrs. Maddox for the arrangement, decoration and preparation of the meal, which she had the honor of presiding over.

The dinner was a success, and the whole house was filled with the fragrance of the various dishes as caused by the skill of the cook.

It was an elaborate affair of salads, sweet breads, dainties of every variety, all sumptuously served. Everything on an elegant and sumptuous scale, yet quiet, subdued and in excellent taste.

It is impossible to give the names of all who were present, or to describe who were the best, for every one had a pleasant word for everyone, her mother, Mrs. A. L. Harris, on Luckie street.

Mrs. S. C. Scandrett and her charming daughter, Miss Susie, of Butler, Ga., visited the city last week.

The Misses Lucker, of Raleigh, North Carolina, were spending a month in Atlanta.

Mrs. C. Reid, of Chattanooga, is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. L. Harris, on Luckie street.

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